

The Nation

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It is a little difficult to be quite just to Mr. Arthur Symons's poetry at the present moment. Not that one is ever in doubt as to its excellence in its own kind, but he represents a mood that the splendid new vigor which is stirring with such promise about us is bound to consider with a little impatience. A critic of Mr. Symons's insight would have no difficulty in detecting much that is imperfect in the best of what we may now conveniently call "Georgian" poetry (we do not imply that he would be grudging in his praise of men younger than himself: he is one of the most generous as one of the best of our critics) but, imperfect as it may be, it has a potential breadth and greatness quite beyond the scope of the exquisitely contrived work of the brilliant little group of poets of which Mr. Symons himself may be called the master.

The passion of life is not without its significance for Mr. Symons and his fellows; it is, indeed, as acutely felt by them as it is by all original poets. But they are never able quite to strip the passion bare, and dissociate it from a hundred intimate but unessential sensations. Mr. Symons moves habitually in a world where the conflict and delight of the soul are continually colored and modified by such things as fans and mandolins, the footlights, and masks and minuets. Poetry to-day is turning freely enough to intimate things for its imagery; but whilst the new poets are seeking intimacy with the familiar life of the open world whereby to illustrate their vision, Mr. Symons is, rather, free of the closeted artificialities of life. So that the legend of his fore-page runs:—

"Life, the dice, has dropt into idle hands to be tossed,
Luckless hand, give me luck, before the game has been lost!
Life as a game of cards is shuffled with queens and kings:
Knave of hearts, be my friend, for you are the mover of things!"

Life—the dice or a game of cards indifferently. And, again, there is the same language for love:—

"When I made love to you the other day,
And you were kind because the sky was blue,
How was it I remembered what to say?
You, when to come in answer to your cue?"

"I but repeat out of a tattered script
The words an author, long forgotten, wrote;
And you, out of his stage-directions, quote
The kisses that I find upon your lip."

These are extreme instances, chosen to make our meaning clear, nor are we careless of the very delicate art that informs Mr. Symons's writing even when it indulges this manner most freely. We have but to place it beside Mr. Kipling's attempts to bring vigor to such "light, easy rhymes" to see how fine a craftsman Mr. Symons is. But the attitude itself is one that sorts ill in its elegant air of negligence and polite wit with the eager temper that is moving, a little boisterously yet perhaps, among the poetry of to-day. And that is why it is difficult to be duly grateful for the sensitiveness and fastidious poise that are on every page of Mr. Symons's new book. His lovers belong to fragrant boudoirs, and his stars are, perhaps, but Chinese lanterns mirrored in a lake. But we must not complain.

The beauty of his poetry is fragile, but it could have been achieved by none but a rare and scrupulous spirit. And there are moments when it throws aside its powder and patches altogether, as in the lovely sonnets at the beginning of the present volume, one of which we quote:—

"And I have been of all men loneliest.
And my chill soul has withered in my breast
With pride and no content and loneliness,
And I have said: To make our sorrow less
Is there not pity in the heart of flowers,
Or joy in wings of birds that might be ours?
Is there a beast that lives, and will not move
Towards our poor love with a more lovely love?
And might not our proud, hopeless sorrow pass
If we became as humble as the grass?
I will get down from my sick throne, where I
Dreamed that the seasons of the earth and sky,
The leash of months and stars, were mine to lead,
And pray to be the brother of a weed."

This little sequence alone would assure Mr. Symons of durable remembrance.

Mr. John Helston's "Aphrodite" is one of the most perplexing first books that we remember having read. We wish, in the first place, that it had been a good deal smaller. To complain of a poet's liberality may seem ungracious; but here there is good reason for it. Mr. Helston has qualities that would be remarkable in a poet of proved distinction, but he also has limitations that are not uncommon in a 'prentice poet. In the ordinary way we should say, confidently enough, that the blemishes would rapidly disappear from his work, and that so fine a gift was sure of early accession to high rank in poetry. But here are more than two hundred ample pages, which must represent the work of a pretty considerable period, permeated to such an extent with Mr. Helston's particular weakness that we wonder whether it has not ceased to be the accident of inexperience and become a habit. At its best, the poetry in this book rises to an intensity of passion such as would seem to promise the achievement of greatness, and Mr. Helston has a varied and rich, often a beautiful, diction. But at present he lacks art, and he is, moreover, continually floundering in a marsh of metaphysics. The result is, on the one hand, that the fine, pungent material that he has to work upon is never properly controlled into form; and, on the other, that he is never sure of his choice for two minutes together between poetry and a voluble metrical journalism. His short poems are more difficult to read than his long ones, because, in a short poem, the live material must either be strictly controlled to proportion, or escape altogether. This control Mr. Helston cannot attain, and the material, poetically speaking, does so escape in nearly every case. That is to say that, in the short poems, the material remains inert in Mr. Helston's consciousness without forcing itself into his imagination. Generalization and capital letters abound in consequence, and we read with difficulty. In the long poems, such as "Modern Idealized Conversations," "Aphrodite at Leatherhead," and "The Thornbrake," it would seem that Mr. Helston's poetic faculty, after working through long stretches beset by this disability, woke at intervals by reaction, as it were, to a full realization of itself, and then we get passages of clean-cut beauty that are intensely moving, such as the crisis in the "Aphrodite" poem. That the moralist has already made his protest against the naked conviction of Mr. Helston's best work is shown by the poet's "Answer to those who Imputed Impurity to him"; but the moralist, as such, is in the habit of bungling in these matters. The passion that lies in the difficult tangle of this book is fundamental and finely conceived, and it is for its lucid strength among much that is formless and, as poetry, consequently weak, that Mr. Helston is worthy of serious notice.

The manner in which poetry impresses itself upon its

readers is a subject which might profitably attract the attention of some critical essayist, and the study would, incidentally, tell us something about Mr. Laurence Binyon. There are, we might suggest, three separate ways in which fine poetry finds its permanent audience. There is the kind of poetry that, either by sheer lyric beauty or sheer passion, makes an immediate appeal, the reader's first perception of it being, if not complete, at least acute enough to ensure his admiration. Poetry that does this may, of course, be of widely diverse kinds; Herrick and the Shakespeare of the tragedies might be instanced as extremes. However much our delight in such work may grow, it is emphatic from the first. Then there is the poetry that is so closely woven that, on a first reading, we find it very jealous of its secret, almost unintelligible even, but which, although it does not satisfy our want, does definitely excite our curiosity. Although we may not understand it clearly, we are certain that it is very well worth while understanding, so we turn back to it eagerly until it is mastered. Donne, Browning, and, in our own time, Mr. Abercrombie, have given us poetry of this kind, each in his own distinctive manner. And, finally, there is the work that has for its chief glory a dignity and austerity that, to a casual observer, seem remote, almost cold, so that many readers, failing at first to penetrate to its excellent beauty, are disinclined to court it with a patience that would be richly rewarded. The wide, apparently uneventful, landscapes of Oxfordshire or the fens affect strangers in something the same way; but for those who know them intimately they have a tender loveliness that can be replaced by nothing more immediately attractive. Although the parallel between the beauty of the poetry of which we are now speaking and the beauty of such countryside need not be urged, there is a likeness of effect. The supreme example is Milton. To suggest this of a poet who has for two centuries been allowed classical eminence may appear a little capricious at first; but a great many people, if they could dissociate Milton from his fame, would find that this was exactly their position. Even as it is, many who really care for poetry never get beyond a first awe-inspiring acquaintance with our second English poet. And, in its own degree, Mr. Binyon's poetry is of this kind. That is why, although you will never hear anyone say that Mr. Binyon's work is bad, you will hear far too few people declaring that it is good. He must be read twice before he reveals himself at all fully, and a first reading does not imperatively demand a second. Those who are patient enough to overcome the first discouragement will find that his work, far from being cold, is full of dark, glowing color, and that its austerity, instead of being an indifferent constraint, is, in reality, a perfect discipline and composure of carriage.

Let anyone read a poem from "Auguries," with reasonable swiftness, as poetry should be read, and then re-read it not in any grudging spirit, and he will find that the applause which critics who have considered it carefully have always bestowed upon Mr. Binyon's work has been wholly justified. It is pleasant, too, to notice the loyalty with which this poet maintains his own high standard. If the emotion in his work is at moments a little inclined to be traditional rather than personal, tradition is a very real thing to him, and he invests it always with life. And over it all there is that fine breeding that, in its unspoiled health, is no less treasurable in poetry than in conduct.

There is a curious refusal in Lady Margaret Sackville's poetry to mature itself. There is one poem in her new book, "Syrinx," which proves that not only is she finished in her craftsmanship, which is evident in everything that she writes, but that, when the fortunate moment comes, she is a poet moved by a deep and original impulse. But the rest of her book, while it never fails to win our respect, gives a vague impression that she has been rather at a loss for subjects, as though the stuff of her imagination were not very fertile. The result is that, although her work never shows signs of haste or anything but scrupulous care in execution, its growth seems to be forced. We think highly enough of her poetry to hope that she will not be tempted into writing save at such times as the impulse is urgent enough to create work of the quality of "Syrinx." Poetical exercises are no longer necessary or profitable for her; and we say this in high hopes of much that she yet may give us.

A THEATRICAL EXPERT ON SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare as a Playwright." By BRANDER MATTHEWS, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. (New York: Scribner's Sons. 3 dols. net.)

It was high time that a dramatic critic, properly so called—that is, a critic specially conversant with the theatre and with the acted drama—should give us a systematic study of Shakespeare as a playwright. Many dramatic critics before Professor Matthews—Lamb and Leigh Hunt, Lewes and Forster, Mr. Walkley and Mr. Shaw—have said more or less luminous and striking things about Shakespeare; but only one, Hazlitt, has devoted a whole book to him. Hazlitt's criticisms are often brilliant and sometimes just; but he wrote in an idolatrous age, which had substituted indiscriminate worship for the condescending patronage that the eighteenth century extended to "the Bard." "Cymbeline" he calls "one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's historical plays," and "All's Well that Ends Well" "one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies." Shakespearean scholarship, too, has made great strides since Hazlitt's time. He could still write of "Romeo and Juliet" as the poet's first play, and treat "Timon of Athens" without any suspicion that another and vastly inferior hand had been concerned in it. Anyone who can buy a shilling manual can now see Shakespeare in much truer perspective than Hazlitt, writing in 1817, could possibly attain.

Not only has our knowledge of Shakespeare, his age, and his stage, progressed enormously during the intervening century: our understanding of the very essence of drama has no less notably advanced. Its origins, both in antiquity and in the Middle Ages, its history, whether in Athens, in Spain, or in France, are now incomparably better known than they were a hundred years ago; and the rich dramatic production of the nineteenth century itself, especially in France and in Scandinavia, has given breadth and precision to our views as to the possibilities of the dramatic form. Of all these advantages Professor Matthews is able to avail himself to the full. He is perfectly familiar with the results of Shakespearean scholarship, and of investigation into the material conditions of the Elizabethan theatre. He has a competent knowledge of the medieval drama, French and English, and he has made a special study of Molière, which furnishes him, in his present task, with many interesting analogies and illustrations. Moreover, he has closely followed, in the theatre itself, the whole European development of the past forty years. He knows Sarcey as well as Aristotle, Sardou as well as Ibsen. He has seen the tradition of the "palmy days" die out with Edwin Booth. He has witnessed the rise and culmination of "spectacular Shakespeare"; he is now witnessing its decline, and, with any luck, he may be in at its death. In a word, he has at his command all the materials for a sane estimate of what Shakespeare means and ought to mean to the modern world. He is in a position to see him steadily and see him whole.

But all these advantages would avail him little without the excellent judgment which he brings to his task. He has an instinctive aversion from fads and paradoxes. He neither abuses Shakespeare for being a man of his time—unable to "step off his own shadow"—nor pretends that we should all make ourselves men of his time in order to drink in, with Elizabethan relish, every word that he ever wrote. Here is a passage which puts very clearly what ought to be a commonplace of criticism, but would have been a damnable heresy to the Shakespeareologists of last century:—

"There are only half-a-dozen or half-a-score of these plays in which we can perceive the working of all his powers at their fullest possibilities; and in them alone do we see him taking the utmost pains, toiling over his technic, setting his characters firmly on their feet, and endowing them with exuberant vitality. When he is intensely interested in the theme of a play, tragic or comic, his energy kindles and he spares no trouble to present the story to most complete advantage, and to get out of it all that can be expressed from it."

Half-a-dozen, and even half-a-score, are something of an under-estimate. If we say fifteen, we shall still be within the mark. But in principle Professor Matthews is absolutely right. In something less than half his plays do we find Shakespeare working happily and at the height of his power. The remainder are either immature, or perfunctory, or manifest task-work, or written in what we can only describe as a very bad temper.

"It is strange" (says Professor Matthews) "that he should ever have written three plays as comparatively empty of dramatic power as 'All's Well that Ends Well,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Troilus and Cressida.' It is still stranger that he should have written these plays at this period of his development as a dramatist. They contain single scenes that only Shakspeare could have handled, and occasional passages that only he could have phrased; but none the less are they among his poorest productions. And the critic who does not feel keenly the inferiority of these three pieces is disqualified for a full appreciation of the immense superiority of 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' of 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'As You Like It.'"

This is a hard saying for certain eminent critics, living as well as dead; but Professor Matthews has always the courage of his perceptions.

There is not a single point of any importance on which, in our judgment, Professor Matthews goes notably astray. He is perhaps inclined to under-estimate "Richard II." and "The Winter's Tale." As an adherent of the "will" theory of drama, he is bound to find "Richard II." defective; and he has perhaps not had opportunity to observe how, in action, it puts that theory out of countenance. As for "The Winter's Tale," though it is doubtless right to class it among the romances written in the Beaumont and Fletcher manner, it is none the less essential to observe how strangely that manner is ennobled and glorified. On the other hand, there are several points on which Professor Matthews's triumphant common-sense goes near to converting us from a pre-conceived opinion. He has, for instance, an admirable passage—all the more impressive as coming from a good American—in which he examines the notion that Shakspeare was a snob and a despiser of the class from which he sprang. His distinction between the people and the mob is eminently just; but it may still be argued that Shakspeare tended to forget this distinction, and to dwell with too much gusto on the offensive and despicable aspects of those whom he called "the commons."

"There is matter for speculation," says Professor Matthews, "whether Shakspeare's best comedies might not have been composed upon a very different pattern if they had followed instead of preceding his best tragedies. Had this happened, there is at least a possibility that Shakspeare might have anticipated Molière in discovering the true type of high comedy." Without wasting time over an elaborate discussion of might-have-beens, we may suggest that it was not Shakspeare but Elizabethan society that was unripe for the discovery of comedy of the type of "Le Misanthrope" and "Les Femmes Savantes." You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or modern comedy out of semi-medieval manners and customs. The social centre of Elizabethan London was the tavern; the social centre of Paris under Louis Quatorze was the salon. Mr. Matthews himself gives us many illustrations of the essential rudeness of Shakspeare's environment—a rudeness which we are apt to under-estimate, since he did more than any of his contemporaries to dissemble it. How could high-comedy possibly take root in the London of Middleton or Dekker?

On one point Mr. Matthews is emphatic and emphatically right—he sees in the early alienation of the Puritans from the theatre the root of half our troubles. He says:—

"The full effect of the Puritan withdrawal was not felt until the Restoration, when the comic playwrights were without any restraining influence, and when the stage became a moral desert. . . . Under Elizabeth, and even under James, the drama did not lower itself to this degraded level. Yet the seeds of the deadly flowers we find in Wycherley and Congreve were sown by Beaumont and Fletcher. Moral callousness, infrequent in Shakspeare, is common in many of his contemporaries, and blatant in many of his successors."

And again, in discussing the early slackening of the poet's ambition, he says:—

"It may be that he was acutely conscious of the changing taste of the playgoing public, which was steadily losing its relish for idealism, and which was displaying already the liking for coarser fare that was to stain the stage of the Restoration."

This is a much-needed corrective to the popular view which attributes the license of Restoration comedy wholly to the reaction against the restraints of the Commonwealth.

In sum, Professor Matthews's book may rightly take its place alongside of Professor Bradley's "Shakspearean Tragedy." The scope and design of his work are, of course, very different: he discusses the whole of Shakspeare's plays in no more space than Professor Bradley devotes to the four

great tragedies alone. But he may fairly be said to have done as great a service to dramaturgic as Professor Bradley to philosophic criticism. Each book marks an unmistakable step in advance. To the English critic we turn for depth of insight, to the American for breadth and sanity of outlook.

It is worth noting that not in a single word does Professor Matthews acknowledge the existence of the Baconian theory. His silence is more significant than pages of argument. It shows that to the theatrical expert Baconianism is simply unthinkable.

A TOYNBEE PRODUCT.

"Labor, Life, and Literature: Some Memories of Sixty Years." By FREDERICK ROGERS. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

Most people who within the last thirty years have shared the wide interests of social politics, philanthropy, or literature must have become acquainted with Mr. Frederick Rogers. He has touched life at many points, and in all he has been conspicuous. Many have held him up as an example of what the working man, starting with no advantages, can make of life, if he is resolutely determined to make the best; and, indeed, his career is obviously remarkable. Born in Whitechapel, one of seven children, the family of a docker on 15s. a week, he started as an errand-boy, a sandwich-boy, and then as an office-boy to a stationer at 4s. 6d. a week. He became a vellum-binder, for some years he hung loosely to the skirts of journalism, he was a commercial traveller for his trade, and for ten years foreman in the Co-operative Printing Society. And all the time he was making himself a name as an advocate of workmen's education, as a leading trade unionist, as a pioneer of Old Age Pensions, as a distinguished co-operator, as a prominent figure in University Extension, as an Early English and Elizabethan scholar, and as a pillar of the Anglican Church, whether "Catholic" or "Broad." He has been received on equal terms by many who were leaders of thought towards the end of last century—people like Henry Irving, Mr. William Poel, Canon Barnett, Mrs. Humphry Ward—social reformers, scholars, and writers of contemporary distinction. Till within the last ten years or so, he has watched the progress of thought as a generally sympathetic spectator, and in many movements he actually shared.

It is, as we said, a remarkable career, and Mr. Rogers might almost serve as the highest example of the movement for intellectual advance which began about the time of the general Education Act, and was raised to a much higher plane in the 'eighties by Canon Barnett and the methods one roughly connects with Toynbee Hall. To all who shared in the efforts of that varied and puzzling time, which already seems so far away and primitive in its enthusiasms, this record of those days must have a peculiar interest. For himself, he looks back upon life with justifiable satisfaction:—

"In the most complete sense of the words," he writes, "my life has been that of a man of action, but I have found my chief joy in the world of thought and imagination. With all its ups and downs, life has been to me a wonderful panorama, a rich banquet, a many-colored and marvellous thing."

That, we suppose, is as exact an expression of the Toynbee ideal of life as could be found—"a wonderful panorama, a rich banquet, a many-colored and marvellous thing." It is a fine ideal, and Mr. Rogers has realized it. Like many self-made men—self-made whether in spirit or in wealth—he is inclined, perhaps, to be a little harsh towards the vast crowd of poor human beings who have been unable to attain to his success. "Life's harvest," he says, "is of our own sowing, and for our failures, mistakes, and shortcomings no one is to blame but ourselves." That is said, not so much in the spirit of Toynbee Hall as in that of the Charity Organization Society, and we utterly deny its truth. It is the basic principle of the doctrine so comforting to the tender hearts of comfortable people, that the destitution and misery of the poor are all their own fault. A man of Mr. Rogers's intellectual powers, opportunities, and prudence in avoiding the natural encumbrances of life may reap a pleasant harvest; but this does not prove that others

who fail or come short of his success have no one but themselves to blame. More in accordance with the spirit of Toynbee Hall in the 'eighties is Mr. Rogers's further statement that "the greatest enemy to every kind of social reform is individual sin, and no social reform worth having will be reached while men ignore that." It is undeniably true. If there were no individual sin, we should, indeed, require no social reform, no legislation of any kind, but should live in irreproachable anarchy, like the angels of heaven. But that is a doctrine which, as it appears to us, the wealthy need teaching rather than the poor.

Just as an example of the fallacy that "life's harvest is of our own sowing," let us quote Mr. Rogers's words about his work as an account-book binder:—

"I liked my trade and enjoyed working at it. There were times, when I was sweated or over-driven, to which this would not apply. But machinery was not then the power it is now, and the speed of the workshop was not set by the motor or the gas-engine: it followed a natural order, and was set by the human energies and the human hand. . . . I did not find life in a workshop a very intolerable thing, though I know full well the limited company or the driving employer can often make it so now."

Under these new conditions, no matter how the workman sows, his harvest cannot be so good. It is hard to see even where "individual sin" comes in with machinery and the limited company, and yet the workman's position has evidently more need of social reform than before. Among the innumerable short cuts to universal happiness by Socialism and State-aid that beguiled us all about twenty-five years ago, it was, no doubt, essential to keep on insisting upon the necessity of individual righteousness; but it still seems a long time to wait if we have to put off social reforms till everyone is individually righteous.

Happily, Mr. Rogers did not wait. As we have noticed, he was prominent in many of the reform movements of his day. For his work in the causes of higher education, co-operation, and Old Age Pensions, all may be grateful. Towards freedom of thought and the religions that reject ecclesiastical authority, he appears to us strangely unfair; but then he founds his belief immovably upon the Athanasian Creed. On the more recent phases of the Woman's Movement, he necessarily speaks with the prejudice of ignorance, for his aspect of woman's position and ideals belongs to the middle of last century, and, we suppose, nothing can change it now. In his judgments on this and similar subjects there is a certain hardness or dogmatic limitation which we should rather have expected from an old-fashioned Calvinist than from a man of wide reading, knowledge of men, and unusual culture. With all his love of literature, one could not call him very imaginative, and it may be that, like many aging scholars, he has been blinded to present change by his love of old books and well-worn traditions.

Of his devotion to English scholarship, there is no doubt. Often, as one watched him sweating under a load of newly-bound ledgers one seemed to hear great lines of Shakespeare or Marlowe falling from his lips. He himself writes with perfect truth:—

"I have worked for literature because I have loved it, understood it, and made it my constant companion. The wonder and the glory that can be revealed in the art of expression, the exhaustless charm that may come with rhythmically ordered words, and the fairy world of imagination and thought which I have entered through these doors have created within me a passion and a thirst that will be slaked only when the springs of life itself run dry."

He is a literary scholar born, and perhaps Toynbee Hall's greatest service to him, as his to Toynbee Hall, lay in literature. It is true, his tastes had been early formed, and he was nearly forty before Toynbee Hall became an influence. But there he met some of the greatest scholars and historians of the day, and there his knowledge and enthusiasm were for the first time fully recognized. In his last chapter, in words of admirably chosen eulogy, he speaks of the extraordinary influence upon his mind of Canon Barnett's rare and exquisite personality. That was an elevation that extended far beyond the regions of literature, but it touched literature as well. We have never questioned the advantage that well-to-do and highly educated young men derived from Toynbee Hall; but Mr. Rogers was a workman, born of the working class, and in him we see a proof that the advantage of the place has not been all on one side.

AN ELIZABETHAN MISCELLANY.

"England's Parnassus: Compiled by Robert Allot—1600."
Edited from the Original Text by CHARLES CRAWFORD.
(Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE interest of Elizabethan literature lies almost as much in its *naïveté*, its oddities, vagaries, paradoxes, and contrasts as in its exuberance and range of imagination. Being the literature of a nation which had achieved self-confidence at the expense of self-criticism, whose poetic vats spouted out any kind of wine so long as it was wine, whose chariot of fire was drawn by Pegasus and Rosinante in perfect accord, it offers boundless facilities to the critic for comment and illustration. The Elizabethan era was "spacious," not so much in the Olympian sense, but in the sense that it rejected nothing which could be cajoled and harried into some sort of artistic expression. As a result, its contradictory qualities are as picturesque as they are infinite. Audacity and adventure were its banners, and it was the prey of scores of art conventions; enterprise and discovery were its watchwords, and it bestowed a lavish industry and pedantry upon the most paltry conceptions; it loved to filibuster through life, and it devoted itself to platitudes and moralising with a zest that Samuel Smiles might have envied. It is as a reflection upon these extremes, rather than for its intrinsic merit, that the contemporary miscellany of "England's Parnassus" is so valuable a document.

The curious thing is that Robert Allot, the compiler, should ever have been an anthologist at all. As a man of taste and discrimination, he has no qualifications whatever. His collection (1600) is vastly inferior in distinction and catholicity to "Tottel's Miscellany" (1557), "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" (1578), "The Phoenix Nest" (1593), and "England's Helicon" (also 1600). He includes only one selection from Campion, to which he forgot to affix the signature, and he gives us nineteen and thirteen from Dolman and Weever respectively, both wretched poetasters. There are only ninety-five excerpts from Shakespeare, and those mainly indifferent passages from "The Rape of Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis"; whereas Drayton, who is terribly indigestible if taken in large quantities, is represented no fewer than two hundred and twenty-five times. Hardly a thimbleful of the choicest lyrical output of Ben Jonson, Dekker, Nash, and Greene is included. But if Allot was a bad critic, he was a worse editor. His gleanings did not take him far from his front door. He either ignored or was unacquainted with the works of Lyly, Raleigh, Barnefield, Sandys, Breton, Munday, Southwell, and the Fletchers, all of whom were recognised and potential candidates for his favor. Mr. Crawford, indeed, marshals some very plausible evidence that Allot only drew his immediate literary friends into the arena of his choice. He quotes twice, for instance, from "Every Man in his Humor," which was not printed until the year after the publication of the "Parnassus." And he prints an exquisite fragment of Marlowe's, which has not survived elsewhere and, as Mr. Crawford conjectures, was handed to him by Chapman, Marlowe's trustee for the completion and production of "Hero and Leander," with which the extract has obvious affinities of style and manner. We cannot convict Allot of log-rolling without reservation, but it is impossible to understand how John Weever can ever have elbowed his way even into such nondescript company as these Parnassians, unless we remember that Weever, the year before, had indulged him, in his "Epigrams," with no ambiguous commendation. In textual matters, again, Allot seems to have been the veriest babe. When he was tired of repeating signatures to his selections, he was wont to write "Idem," and then, having confused the sequence of his sheets, to pack them off to an even more casual printer. Moreover, the work of compilation was hurried through in a few months, with the consequence that the most devastating errors of transcription are entangled in multitudes with the orthodox text. It is, indeed, the greatest tribute to Mr. Crawford's scholarship to say that he has unravelled so many complexities and has presented us with so intelligible, compendious, and accurate a version of the original manuscript.

For all that, this anthology, which is arranged under specific headings, such as "Miserie," "Goodnesse," "Slaunder," "Inconstancie," "Gluttony," "Murder,"

"Vertue," "Of an Hagabush" (sic), and similar abstractions, is a precious monument of the age, because it catches the Elizabethans in a characteristic sententious mood. It is not a song-book at all, but a birthday book of maxims and moral aphorisms. In it the poets have turned pedagogues, and discourse with portentous gravity and dogmatic rhetoric "on Man, on Nature, and on Human Life." Even Roger Ascham, master of the moral cliché, would have no excuse for a jeremiad had he perused its exhortations. And even Marlowe, the apostate from unconventional standards, droops his wings and dons a surplice over them within this atmosphere of a "ladies' seminary." Nobody, who had read them only in the hallowed shade of "England's Parnassus," would have dreamed that Greene was, at one time and another, on more than nodding terms with "coneycatchers," or that Jonson was fond of junketings at the "Mermaid," or that Peele wrote a volume called the "Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele," wherein are writ tales that, to say the least, would have blanched the cheek of Miss Pilkington. Whatever Allot was, he was certainly a gentleman of the most edifying propriety.

COMPETITIVE LOGIC.

"Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences." Volume I. "Logic." By ARNOLD RUGE, WILHELM WINDELBAND, JOSIAH ROYCE, LOUIS COUTURAT, BENEDETTO CROCE, FEDERIGO ENRIQUES, and NICOLAJ LOSSKIJ. Translated by B. ETHEL MEYER. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS work, in spite of its title, is not an encyclopædia in any recognized sense. It does not consist of alphabetically arranged articles on various topics, like the ordinary modern general encyclopædias, nor of a progressive account of a whole science mapped out by an editor among many contributors, such, for instance, as the German encyclopædia of mathematics; nor, again, like the encyclopædia, of a collection of articles largely by one man, and all designed to exhibit and reinforce a certain outlook and general tendency. All these forms of encyclopædia would be almost impossible for philosophy in its present state. But it may well be doubted whether the subject is as yet suitable for encyclopædic treatment in any form; and the present volume does not allay this doubt. Each of the contributors—with the exception of Arnold Ruge, who merely contributes an editorial introduction, intended to be neutral and uncontroversial, yet full of disputable statements—treats, more or less, of the whole of logic as he conceives it, in a manner necessarily brief, and therefore dogmatic, dry, and unconvincing. Each, one feels, is very conscious of the terrible views being advocated by the others, and is therefore tempted to force the note, in hopes of persuading the reader of the superior attractiveness of his own wares. This, however, does not apply to Windelband, whose amiable, ambling article sets forth a somewhat watered Hegelianism in apparent complete ignorance of all work since Sigwart.

"According to the Critical Method," he says, "through which alone there is assigned to philosophy a problem and province of inquiry of its own, clearly marked off against all other sciences, philosophical thought is everywhere directed towards the task of inquiring into those activities of human reason by means of which, in the course of history, the entire structure of civilization has grown up. The object of such an inquiry is to discover how far general postulates of reason, which are independent of the specific conditions of humanity, . . . have attained to consciousness and effective value."

He proceeds to speak about the "mental nature common to all men"; but how this has been ascertained, or how logic so defined can fail to be a branch of psychology, he, like the whole critical tradition, entirely fails to explain.

The same point of view, essentially, is taken up by Benedetto Croce, who, however, has become conscious, through his compatriot Peano, of the existence of newer and more exact methods in logic. He has not studied these methods, but knows them to be pernicious, and speaks of them as Royal Academicians speak of Post-Impressionism, pouring scorn on "modern logicians, bitten, as most of them are, with intellectualism." Philosophy, he says, truly

enough, is in essence the *amor Dei intellectualis*; but, unfortunately, his own contribution shows more of *odium hominis* than of *amor Dei*.

Professor Royce, in whom a great enthusiasm for the newer mathematical logic co-exists with a certain loyalty to the idealist tradition, begins by explaining why logic can no longer be regarded as "norms for correct thinking," but rather as a science of "forms" which belong to objects, and have no more essential relation to thought than the subject-matter of other non-psychological sciences. Logic, he says, "is the General Science of Order." In some very general sense of "order" this may be true. But he proceeds to explain the technical mathematical meaning of "order," and suggests, though he does not state explicitly, that order in this or some closely analogous sense is the special subject-matter of logic. Order in this sense, however, is merely one among many ideas analysed by mathematical logic, and its importance is by no means so fundamental or so general as that of certain more abstract ideas which emerge in the course of the analysis. In the middle of his account of the newer logical ideas, the idealist tradition incongruously reappears in a supposed "postulate of individuality," which is said to be a "fundamental demand of the rational will," though no reason is shown why the universe should grant this demand rather than (say) a demand that we should all have £10,000 a year.

The next article is by M. Louis Couturat, who has in the past done admirable work on logic, particularly in publishing and interpreting the logical MSS. of Leibniz. In recent years, however, he has devoted himself almost entirely to advocacy of Ido, a modification of Esperanto; his contribution, accordingly, shows signs of haste and lack of fresh thought. Moreover, in his eagerness to recommend "logistic" (i.e., mathematical logic), he has been led to minimize its difficulties, giving smooth and specious solutions which conceal one of its chief philosophical merits—namely, the eliciting of new, puzzling, but not insoluble, problems, the answers to which give hopes of a more scientific metaphysic than any that has hitherto been possible. Occasionally, in his article, one feels the intrusion of a misleading party spirit. For example, a certain kind of definition, called "definition by abstraction," which is of great importance in modern logic, is dismissed, after a very cursory criticism, with the remark that it "has contributed no little to spread first among mathematicians and then among philosophers the kind of nominalism which exaggerates the part played by the conventional and arbitrary, and indirectly favors those sceptical tendencies fashionable to-day under the name of pragmatism."

Professor Enriques contributes an article on "the problems of logic," which is, more or less, positivist in tendency. It shows a great desire to avoid metaphysics, to make everything clear and definite and formal. But it partly ignores and partly rejects the best efforts of modern formalists, and, from fear of metaphysics, it presents a set of doctrines far simpler and easier to understand than the real world appears to be. Moreover, his statements are so compressed that it may be doubted whether they would convey any meaning to a reader not already familiar with the topics discussed.

Professor Nicolaj Losskij contributes an article on "the transformation of the concept of consciousness in modern epistemology and its bearing on logic." What he says on theory of knowledge is good, consisting, in the main, of grounds for rejecting the view that what is immediately known to us must be psychical or subjective; but when he comes to logic, his choice of problems and the form of his discussion become somewhat antiquated.

The translation is good on the whole, though it is to be regretted that (as stated in the preface) the two Italian articles were not translated directly, but from the German versions. Occasionally, there is evidence of lack of familiarity with the technical vocabulary. Several of M. Couturat's terms, for example, are translations or adaptations of English technical terms, and ought to have been translated back into the originals. Also the word "Schluss" is always translated by "conclusion," whereas it often ought to be either "inference" or "syllogism."

The authors are the recognised authorities in their several countries, and the failure of the book seems not so much due to any fault which the contributors could have

avoided as to the impossibility of an authoritative compilation on a subject in a state of revolution. The book, in fact, resembles a compendium on the British Constitution composed during the Civil War, with an introduction by King Charles and an epilogue by Oliver Cromwell.

"THE GREAT MARQUIS."

"The Marquis of Montrose." By JOHN BUCHAN. (Nelson. 7s. 6d. net.)

In his short preface, Mr. Buchan modestly disclaims the attempt to write a complete biography of his chosen hero, and the book must be taken for what it is and not for what it might have been. It is not, in any sense, an original contribution to the history of the time, but the well-known authorities are made full use of, and are acknowledged in the bibliography and in the notes at the end. The index might be a little more complete, but it is good in so far as it contains a full list of names. The most attractive feature of the book is the admirable collection of photogravure reproductions of contemporary portraits. The four Vandykes and the Miereveldt, not to mention the two by Sir Peter Lely, are a real enrichment to the text. The maps, which have been reproduced from Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "The Great Civil War," are useful to the student who desires to make a careful study of the series of campaigns, from Tippermuir onward. The type and general make-up of the book are good.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, stands out among a long list of Scottish heroes by reason of some inherent personal quality. It is not his statesmanship nor yet his well-earned renown as a soldier and leader of men that stirs our imagination and wins our sympathy to-day. In both departments there are Scots in history as great as he. His splendid and vivid personality lives for us for another reason than that of his famous exploits. It is because he was an idealist in politics, and exalted the cause he served above the accident of party and of men that he has this strange power to move, even to-day, our pity and our love, and to thrill us with a sense of personal loss when we read of his struggles and of his tragic end.

Mr. Buchan has done well to re-tell the story of his later years, and to put the record of the campaigns from Tippermuir and Aberdeen onward in such an attractive form. The story of the fighting is told clearly, and yet without dryness. And it is something to have given the historical part so well and to have kept the feeling of romance about the central figure and the sense of impending tragedy. The chapter dealing with the trial and with the last tragic days and the barbarous execution is written with dignity and restraint, and is a fitting setting for Montrose's speech upon the scaffold, which is given in full. It is strange to remember—and this narrative makes the picture startlingly clear—that only two hundred and fifty years ago we were savage enough to dismember "traitors," and to distribute their limbs to the four quarters. Montrose, of course, had his re-burial eleven years after his execution. All that love and reverence could do to wipe out the indignity was lavished on those poor remains, collected from half-a-dozen towns, and decently coffined and enshrined at St. Giles's, Edinburgh. But, with all this care, it is strange that his heart found no resting-place in Scottish soil. It was stolen and embalmed after the execution, and Mr. Buchan tells the curious story of its wanderings, and its final disappearance as late as 1792. The little, oval steel box, fashioned from Montrose's sword, and holding the pinch of dust that was once his heart, passed through many adventures. Its gold filigree cover was shattered, by a chance shot from a French battleship, on its way across the ocean in the possession of the Johnston family. It became an object of worship as a talisman in India, it was stolen, and lay for a long time in the treasury of a native prince. "The young Johnston, in a hunting expedition, happened to save his life, and the Nabob, in gratitude, restored the relic to the family. It was brought home to Europe by the elder Johnstons in 1792, and as they travelled overland through France, they heard of the edict of the Revolution Government requiring the surrender of all gold and silver trinkets. Mr. Johnston entrusted it to an Englishwoman at Boulogne till it could be

sent to England; but the lady died soon afterwards, and in the troubled days that followed, the relic disappeared."

Mr. Buchan is already well known as a writer of historical romances, or romantic histories. He has re-cast a page of history in this volume in a form that will make it especially interesting to young readers; and it will be seen from the short extract given that he has the faculty of picturesque narrative. The work should be popular as a gift-book.

A GERMAN HISTORY OF ENGLISH SOCIALISM.

"Geschichte des Sozialismus in England." By M. BEER. (Stuttgart: J. H. W. Dietz. M. 7.50.)

MR. BEER, who was formerly the London correspondent of the Berlin Socialist paper, "Vorwärts," and, as such, showed remarkable insight into British politics, has added another to the too long list of foreign books on English subjects, for which we have no native equivalent, nor probably shall have till we get a translation. His scholarly history of English Socialism during the past two centuries, based throughout on original sources and constructed with a sense of perspective and proportion which is rare in English Socialist literature, revises a good many of our current impressions, and enables one for the first time to trace the movement, so far as it can be traced, as a connected and developing whole. Writing for German readers, he has given a fuller frame-work of the contemporary English history and rival non-Socialist theories than would be needed in an English book. Even so, his method has the advantage of not allowing us to forget how much the movement of ideas was the outcome of events.

Mr. Beer divides his subject into three periods. The first ranging from 1750 to 1824, is that of the economic revolution, of a revolutionary criticism of society, and of nascent Socialism. The second, from 1825 to 1854, is the period of Chartism. The third, from 1855 to the present day, is the modern period, marked by the dominance in the British labor world of the great national trade unions. Upon some portions of the first and second period a great deal of original light has already been thrown in recent years by Mr. Graham Wallas's biography of Francis Place and the late Mr. Podmore's of Robert Owen. But this has necessarily been partial and not generally diffused. We have lacked any comparable study of the pre-Owenite movements—Thomas Spence and the Spenceans, for instance—or later, of the Chartist movement as a whole. And of the various books which have in recent years dealt with the modern period, none has throughout been based on original evidence, and few, if any, are of more than ephemeral character.

The two most abiding impressions of the English Socialist movement, with which a survey like Mr. Beer's leaves us, are its fertility in ideas and its poverty in first-rate men. This antithesis, which is certainly characteristic of it to-day, seems to have characterized it constantly. Ideas which lack men to carry them out share the destiny of heroes who lack the commemorative bard. They are forgotten. It is even difficult when the truth about them is retraced to believe they were as wonderful as they were. Mr. Beer, working in the British Museum, unearths from the beginning of the nineteenth century much the same speculations which we think new at the beginning of the twentieth. There they rest, seed of which so little seemed to germinate, with a century's Bloomsbury dust overlying them. The Chartist movement, again, which it is traditional now to dismiss as an almost purely political effort after the six political points of the Charter, Mr. Beer shows to have been essentially economic and revolutionary, with a wide basis of far-reaching Socialist and Syndicalist ideas. What became of them? As he himself says,

"In its theorising period (1831-1834) pioneer ideas emerged like lightning flashes, and disappeared again leaving scarcely a trace; and as to their originators, as to their scope, doubts, errors, and misconceptions have prevailed till now."

Why? Because in the realm of political action, as distinct from that of ideas, the English Socialistic movements, though prolific in shallow, dignified, earnest agitators like Orator Hunt, and shallow demagogic charlatans like Feargus O'Connor, threw up no Liebknechts or Bebels or Dantons, not even a Macaulay or a Brougham. Over the best of the

Chartist politicians, Bronterre O'Brien, for instance, there is an unmistakable trail of mediocrity. Owen towers above them all, because in him alone, with all his aberrations and limitations, one constantly feels the touch of the first-rate.

Curiously parallel has been the fate of English Socialism in our own time. One may doubt whether history will ever do justice to its contribution, especially from the side of the Fabian Society, towards the development of ideas. It is nobody's interest to emphasize it. Yet it is the case that in its own country the post-Gladstonian Liberalism, parched with formulas and stale with achievements, drank freely, if surreptitiously, from this source; and, in drinking, grew young again and changed the face of British politics. No less is it the case that abroad the greatest of Socialist parties drew the principal inspiration of its Revisionist movement from the same Fabian fountains. But the last agency through which one sees these ideas fructify is the political Socialist movement of their native land. As Mr. Bernard Shaw has put it with mordant directness: "Socialism would grow fast in this country if it were not for the Socialists."

This is our comment, not Mr. Beer's; indeed, for this side of modern English Socialism—its contribution, especially between 1885 and 1895, to the development of ideas—he has hardly enough space in a volume planned like the present. He gives, however, what is extremely valuable—an admirably documented and very judicious account of the growth and evolution during the past sixty years of the English labor and Socialist bodies. This is carried down, with much inside knowledge, to the developments of last year. But his main achievement is unquestionably his picture of Chartism, which embraces all its ups-and-downs, its paths and by-paths, its co-operating or conflicting personalities, in a survey at once comprehensive and minute. Mr. Beer's conspicuous qualities are patience and objectivity, but his work has also literary merit; German is seldom more clear and terse than his. He abounds in pithy phrases, such as "Owen's partial successes and total failure" (Einzelerfolge und Gesamtmisserfolg), and in penetrating comments, such as that Cobbett was the stuff of which, in more backward lands, anti-Semite leaders are made. One is left wondering how long it will be before this striking contribution to English history appears in an English dress.

SOME RECENT APOLOGETICS.

"Christianity and Other Faiths." By W. ST. CLAIR TISDALL, D.D. (Robert Scott. 5s. net.)

"The Apocalypse of Jesus." By F. W. WORSLEY. (Bennett. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Historic Jesus." By DAVID SMITH, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Through Faith to Faith." By J. M. THOMPSON. (Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Meaning of Christianity." By FREDERICK A. M. SPENCER. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

A HOMELY poet reminds us that truth has less to fear from her opponents than from her allies:—

"Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends.
If learn'd, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness who have soundest heads."

"I believe in God, as long as you do not prove him to me," said Joubert; and the greatest of Oxford teachers used to bid us—"Believe in God; never mind what the clergy say." What both meant was that the strongest case may be discredited by incompetent advocacy, and by the bad reasoning on which such advocacy relies. What are called "Apologies" for Christianity have probably made more sceptics than they have converted. Pitt's criticism of Bishop Butler's "Analogy," that "it raised more doubt than it solved," had a certain justification: the legal element which preponderates in that famous work lessened its religious value. We are listening, we feel, to a great advocate, the more impressive, indeed, because outwardly so unimpassioned, not to a judge. And if this can be said of so eminent a man as Butler—a mind so devout, a spirit so grave, so detached, so averse from anything like declamation or over-statement—how shall we judge the crowd of writers who, at a distance indeed, follow in his steps? It will

scarcely be denied, even by its admirers, that the large—the too large—literature of this description which we possess has been singularly ineffectual. The change that has taken place during the last thirty years in the attitude of the modern mind to religion has not come about from this quarter, but from the new psychology, from the spread of speculative idealism, from the development of scientific and historical method. Good work has, indeed, been done in this field—especially in Germany and Scotland; but it is not too much to say that, viewed as a whole, the characteristic feature of apologetics is its intellectual and moral feebleness. It is uneducated, it appeals to prejudice, it is disingenuous; it presumes on the ignorance of its public, and proceeds on the assumption that the average man does not think. It is dangerous to build on this assumption: that our professional apologetic has done so is the secret of its unsuccess. Assent in religion is serious; the fool may say in his heart "There is," as well as "There is not a God."

The five works on our list fall into two divisions—the first three and the last two. The former will no doubt appeal to a certain circle of readers, to whom uneducated would be too strong a word to apply. Professor David Smith is the theological correspondent of the "British Weekly"; Dr. Tisdall is the author of not a few books of repute, and has been a lecturer on Oriental religions; Mr. Worsley goes so far as to tell us that "anyone who is not interested in what the Germans think had better lay down this book ('The Apocalypse of Jesus') at once; for at present it seems as though the Germans did most of the thinking, while we plod on in their steps with our own little criticisms," and proceeds to deplore "the wretched standard of scholarship with which the average Anglican clergyman is content." But all three writers aim, so at least it appears, at edification; their works are wanting in detachment, and calculated rather to confirm the believer in his previously acquired convictions than to satisfy the inquirer with the truth of things in view.

With Mr. Thompson and Mr. Spencer we pass to another level. Both the writers and their works are serious. The grave matters with which they deal have been treated gravely, and in such a manner as to appeal to the modern mind. The name of the former is known in connection with an episode which reflects credit on himself and discredit on those who took advantage of the accident of his being unbeneficed, to condemn him without trial, and to censure by a side-wind opinions which it was thought impolitic to attack openly and in the courts. "Through Faith to Faith" is the complement of "Miracles in the New Testament." The first of the six lectures is devoted to a summary of the critical position; the remaining five state the positive principles that arise from this criticism, and apply them to some main aspects of the Christian faith. This has been done without defiance, but without reserve.

"The time is too critical for extreme caution. Knowing how very many within the Church—clergy as well as laity—welcome the attempt to secure greater theological liberty, one cannot consent to a silence which some of those who are in authority vainly endeavor to impose."

In view of certain influences now predominant in Oxford, in so far as Oxford remains ecclesiastical, Mr. Thompson's warning should give English Churchmen matter for grave thought.

"Of the men who come up to an Oxford college, and who have been regular Churchgoers and communicants at school, it is admitted that quite half cease to be such directly they are free to do as they like. Amongst those who do not have a public school and University education, the proportion is probably much higher. What this means is that in England, when Christians grow up, they cease to be Churchmen. That is the quite simple fact; and those of us who have to deal with people who are growing up know that it is so. . . . The only Church capable of holding the allegiance of the present generation will be one which combines strong and simple principles with great flexibility of form. . . . Meanwhile, any attempt to limit free inquiry, either by a critical theory which puts certain historical facts above historical proof or disproof, or by a theory of Church discipline which penalises those whose free inquiries do not arrive at certain conclusions, must inevitably widen the already serious breach between the Church and the nation. . . . A Church which becomes a conspiracy to uphold a fixed doctrine is no longer doing its proper work; that is, to provide a soil and an atmosphere in which every spiritual capacity of man may come to its full growth. The time is coming—indeed, it is already here—when the Church will have to choose between two courses, either to save its life, or to lose it: to save it at

the cost of becoming an interesting and beautiful survival; or to lose it in giving birth to the national religion of the future."

Mr. Spencer's thoughtful and comprehensive work is an examination of Christian beliefs and institutions on scientific lines; his aim being to show that Christianity, rightly understood and developed, meets the requirements of the new order, as in the past it has met those of the old. He lays stress on the social side of religion. "The perfect Kingdom of God would be the life of the community in which the spiritual has transformed the other elements and conditions of life in accordance with itself. Here we find the meaning and even the truth of Christianity." The chapter on Christ is a very suggestive treatise on Christology. The main values attributed to Christ are compatible, the writer believes, with considerable changes in the conception of Christ. The difficulties of this conception, which is as distinctly the problem of the Church of to-day as it was that of the Church of the fourth century, arise less from the conception itself than from its formula, and from the distance at which this formula stands from the modern mind. Popular theology is a strange amalgam of Trithism and Docetism. To insist on the Divine Monarchy is to be suspect of Sabellianism; on the Humanity of Christ, of Arianism; it is by a nominal assent to contradictory propositions that orthodoxy in this delicate matter is saved. However much (e.g.) theologians deny that *persona* in the creeds is equivalent to our "person," dogma, piety, and, perhaps, prudence, compel men to speak and think of the Second Person of the Trinity as a person, or self. Mr. Spencer concludes a survey of the historical controversies bearing on the Trinity and the Incarnation by the reflection that "the history of Christology is seen to involve contests between parts of the truth of Christ, which the intellect of the time was not capable of fitting together into one, and of which, we may suppose, the parts of greater religious importance for the age prevailed. But the heresies were destined to revive and protest, until the truth for which they were responsible should gain catholic recognition."

The view of immortality has a certain theosophical or mystical color. Mr. Spencer accepts the hypothesis of successive incarnations, and holds that mortality attaches to souls till they have reached a certain degree of spiritual life. Before this has been attained, they pass through many births and deaths.

"Immortality is the fruit of spiritual life, but the conditions of it are prepared by the collective evolution of humanity. The physical body is not abandoned, but transformed so as to become suitable to eternal life. The present existence in the flesh and the present existence out of the flesh coalesce as immortality is gained."

The persistent recurrence of such speculations may indicate a certain affinity between them and the mind. But, in the absence of positive data, they remain in the realm of dreams, whether they come to us through the gate of ivory or through that of horn.

THE CHURCHES OF SHROPSHIRE.

"The Churches of Shropshire." By the Rev. D. H. S. CRANAGE, M.A., F.S.A. (Wellington, Shropshire: Hobson. £5 5s. net.)

PRIVATE enterprise is the boast of England in antiquarian research as in many other fields, and we have here before us the tenth and concluding part of what the French call "une œuvre à longue haleine." Dr. Cranage began his task in 1894; he has continued it steadily through the scant leisure allowed by a busy official life at Cambridge, and can at last see the travail of his soul. We think, too, that he has real reason to be satisfied. These eleven hundred odd pages, in solid quarto, represent a labor of love, but they will also prove of abiding profit to the architectural student. Every church in the county is minutely described, and the work is generously illustrated, partly by photographs from the camera of Mr. Martin Harding, partly by measured drawings from the pen of Mr. W. A. Webb (to both of whom Dr. Cranage pays due acknowledgment in his preface), and sometimes by the author himself. We are here specially concerned with the tenth part, but we have taken stock of the whole and have little doubt that it will find at once an abiding place among books of reference, as, indeed, it has already earned its author the degree of Litt.D.

This last instalment concludes the detailed survey, church by church; and here Dr. Cranage has kept one of the most interesting districts to the last—the liberties of Shrewsbury. Illustrations are abundant, and difficult structural problems are fully discussed. Then comes the appendix—a general survey of a hundred pages, summarizing and generalizing from the exhaustive descriptions printed in all the rest of the book. "I am strongly of opinion," writes Dr. Cranage on p. 1,108, "that no such history can be profitably written till a great deal of 'spade work' has been done on individual buildings and districts. My aim, therefore, in writing this book has been, not only to provide as far as possible a complete and accurate architectural history of each church, but to generalize from the 326 buildings and to enable the historian to see what one large county has to say about the development of ecclesiastical architecture in England." And it is here that we see most clearly the value of this kind of book. Dr. Cranage proves conclusively, for instance, the worthlessness of the theory which would account for certain irregular orientations by the point of sunrise on the particular day of the Church's patron saint. Again, he deals most exhaustively with the *verata questio* of low side windows. Of these the churches of Shropshire present thirty-three specimens, which Dr. Cranage has described, tabulated, and, in many cases, illustrated by drawings and photographs, with a diligence which we cannot too highly praise. He considers the bearing of this evidence, separately and collectively, upon rival theories, and sums up judiciously for his own part—too judiciously, some may perhaps think, since the graveyard-light theory would scarcely seem to deserve such serious treatment as he accords to it. But here, if fault there be, we have at least a fault on the right side; and, failing some sudden searchlight from an entirely unexpected quarter, our only hope for some sort of solution to this problem is from such patient observations and temperate considerations as those which Dr. Cranage here presents. He is probably right in concluding that no single theory will explain all the cases, though we cannot help thinking that the note of the low side window is sufficiently distinct to suggest that the overwhelming majority served some common purpose.

We have left ourselves little space to note other points of interest from the rest of the book. There is a whole romance in the photographs and descriptions of the famous tombs at Tong. We have here a series such as very few parish churches can boast, starting with a Pembruge in 1446, and continuing through a series of Vernons to 1632. This last is the tomb of the sister and co-heiress of Dorothy Vernon—that sister at whose wedding Dorothy eloped with Sir John Manners, and so brought Haddon Hall into the Rutland family. Dr. Cranage shows us towers built for fortresses, as we might expect in a border county. He notes the survival of a "three-decker" at Ashford Bowdler—an auspicious name, which harmonises admirably with such Georgian relics! He notes strong instances of medieval artistic vandalism; for, the more we study our churches, the more we shall realise how ruthlessly the medieval mason destroyed in his rebuilding. We have noted only two slips of any importance; on p. xiii. the word *late* is omitted from the third grade of the Decorated style, and on p. 1,045 Dr. Cranage writes (or perhaps we should more truly say, his printer prints), "*domus inclusus*." And on one small point we should seriously contest his inferences. He argues, at Acton Burnell (p. 458), for a more precise date than we can infer from other evidence, by appealing to a portrait of Edward I. carved as a bracket. But have we any real authentic portrait of Edward I. by which to identify this? We had believed that English royal portraiture begins, somewhat dimly, with Philippa of Hainault, and that even in France the real portraiture on royal tombs or seals begins scarcely earlier. Moreover, even if we could be certain that the Acton Burnell head does resemble that of the great King, we should hesitate to draw Dr. Cranage's inferences. Scottish antiquaries, for instance, have found their own king and queen on the eastern gable of Melrose, where we have pretty evidently a Christ and the crowned Virgin, the stock centre-piece of Cistercian iconography. But this is a matter of opinion and of detail; the general value of Dr. Cranage's book, and the help afforded by a most elaborate introduction, glossary, and index, will not be denied, we think, by any reader who tests them.

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